

VENOM

LETHAL OR



MARVEL

1

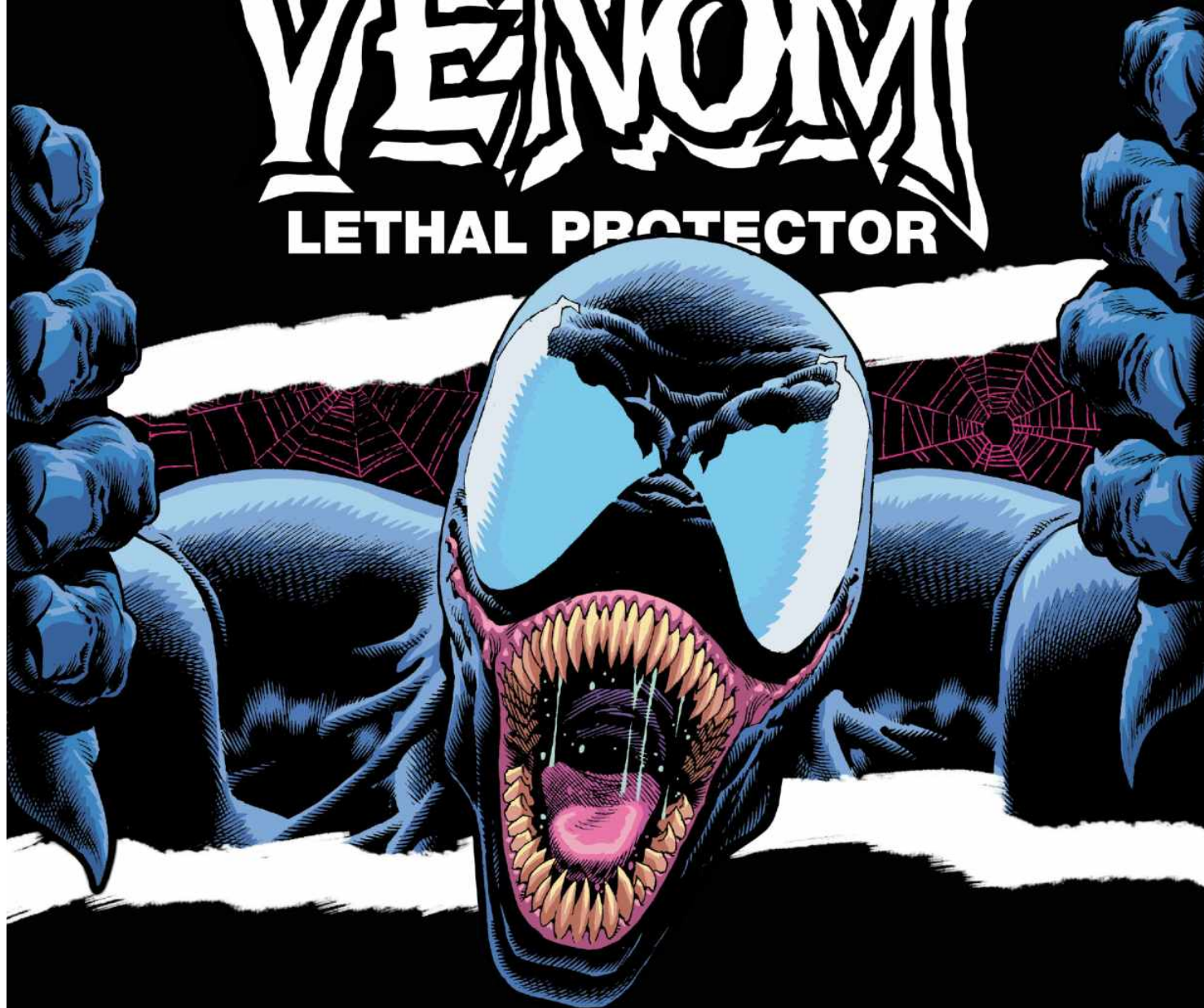
MICHELINIE
KARAMI

30
MAY

EDDIE BROCK WAS ONCE A RESPECTED JOURNALIST. BUT HIS CAREER WAS DESTROYED WHEN ONE OF HIS SOURCES WAS EXPOSED AS A FRAUD BY SPIDER-MAN. DISGRACED, BROCK WENT TO HIS NEIGHBORHOOD CHURCH TO ASK FORGIVENESS BEFORE TAKING HIS OWN LIFE. UNAWARE THAT AN EXTRATERRESTRIAL PARASITE WAS IN THE PARISH'S BELL TOWER. SPURNED AND LEFT FOR DEAD BY THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN, THE CREATURE CHOSE BROCK AS ITS HOST. IN THE PROCESS, IT IMBUED HIM WITH ALL OF SPIDER-MAN'S ABILITIES AND MORE: POWERS OF ADHESION, ORGANIC WEB-SHOOTERS ON THE BACK OF EACH HAND AND PREHENSILE TENDRILS WOVEN FROM THE CREATURE'S OWN BIOLOGICAL MATERIAL. ON A TWISTED CRUSADE AND OBSESSED WITH JUSTICE, THEY ARE:

VENOM

LETHAL PROTECTOR



TOGETHER, EDDIE AND THE SYMBIOTE HAVE SWORN ETERNAL AND VIOLENT VENGEANCE AGAINST THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN. THOUGH THEY HUNGER FOR PETER PARKER'S BRAINS, THEY HAVE ALSO BEGUN TO UNDERSTAND THE GREAT RESPONSIBILITY THAT COMES WITH THEIR INCREDIBLE POWER.

SO VENOM METES OUT THEIR PARTICULARLY GRUESOME BRAND OF JUSTICE TO DEFEND THE INNOCENT. BUT ALONG THE WAY, THEY HAVE MADE FRIENDS AND FOES—MANY FOES—AND A CERTAIN TERRIFYING REPUTATION.

VENOM'S PAST DEEDS THREATEN TO TURN THE WHOLE CITY AGAINST THEM UNLESS THEY CAN FIND A WAY TO REVERSE THEIR FORTUNES.

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MANHATTAN, SOME YEARS BACK, AS FALL CHARGES INTO WINTER...



...WITH A VENGEANCE!

KRA-

KASH



STOP WHINING! I KNOW YOUR SYMBIOTE SUBSTANCE KEEPS US FROM FREEZING--

--BUT SLOGGING AROUND IN ZERO VISIBILITY DOESN'T EXACTLY TOP MY LIST OF FAVORITE THINGS!



AND LIKE THEY SAY, "ANY OLD ABANDONED SUBWAY IN A STOR--"



GUESS THE AGENT-MAJOR CALLED IT RIGHT, EH, KEV? HAVIN' US KEEP AN EYE ON THE BACK DOOR?



YEAH! NOW SOMEBODY'S IN DEEP FECES!



FUNNY. THAT'S JUST WHAT--



The Annihilation Agenda

DAVID MICHELINIE writer FABRIC KARAMI artist ARIE BRIANTO colorist



PROJECTABLE
CONTAINMENT?

IMPRESSIVE!

I'LL HAVE
TO REMEMBER TO
MENTION YOU BOTH IN MY
AUTOBIOGRAPHY, IN
THE CHAPTER--



--THINGS
THAT
BREAK!



ENERGY
BLADES TOO?
BIG PROPS FOR
CREATIVITY!

EVEN FIRED
BLIND, THEY'RE
PROBABLY
DEVASTATING...

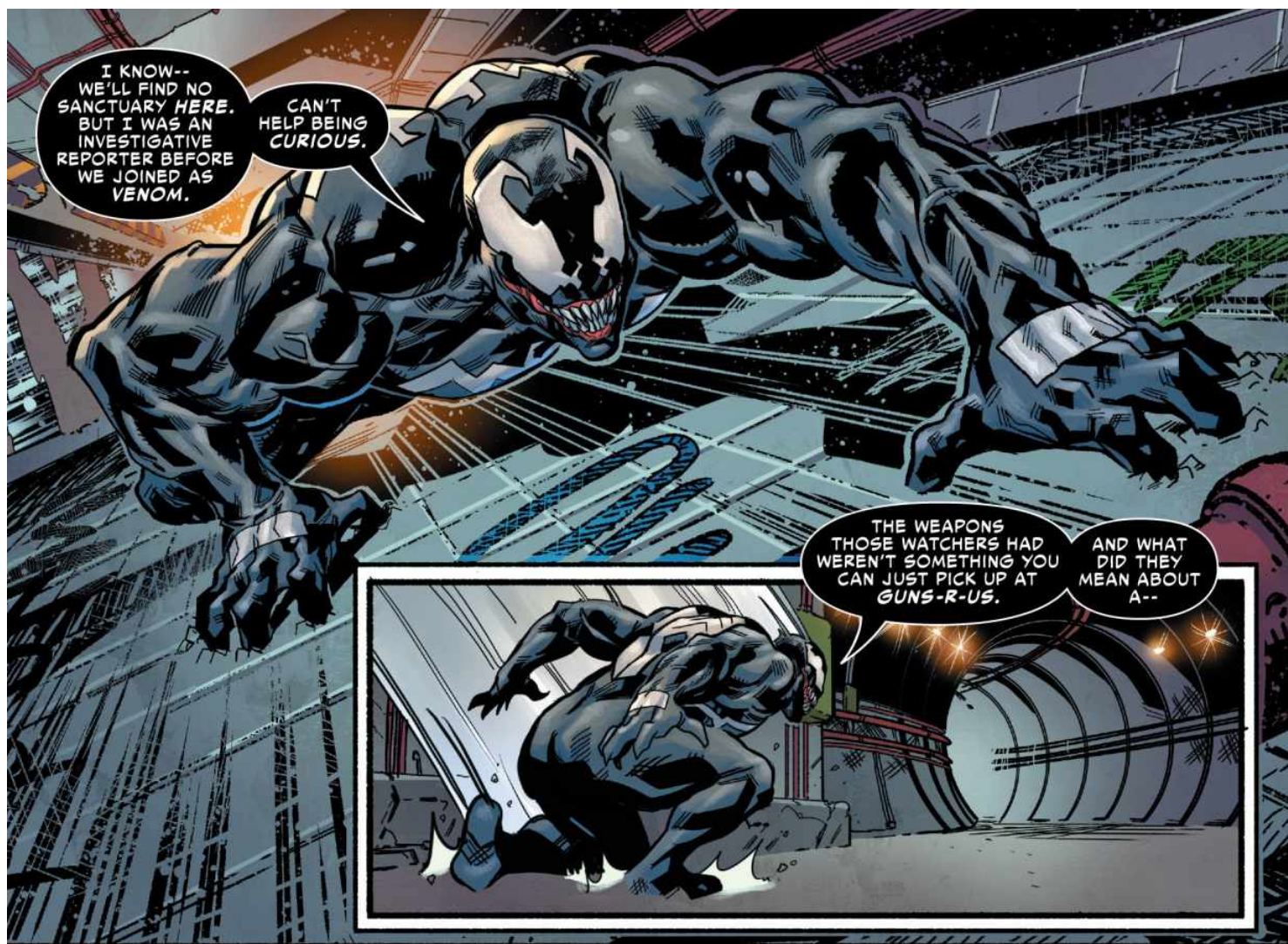


...TO ANYONE
NOT WEARING
AN ALIEN!



BUT DON'T
WORRY, THAT
WEBBING WILL
DISSOLVE
BEFORE YOU
SUFFOCATE.

PROBABLY...

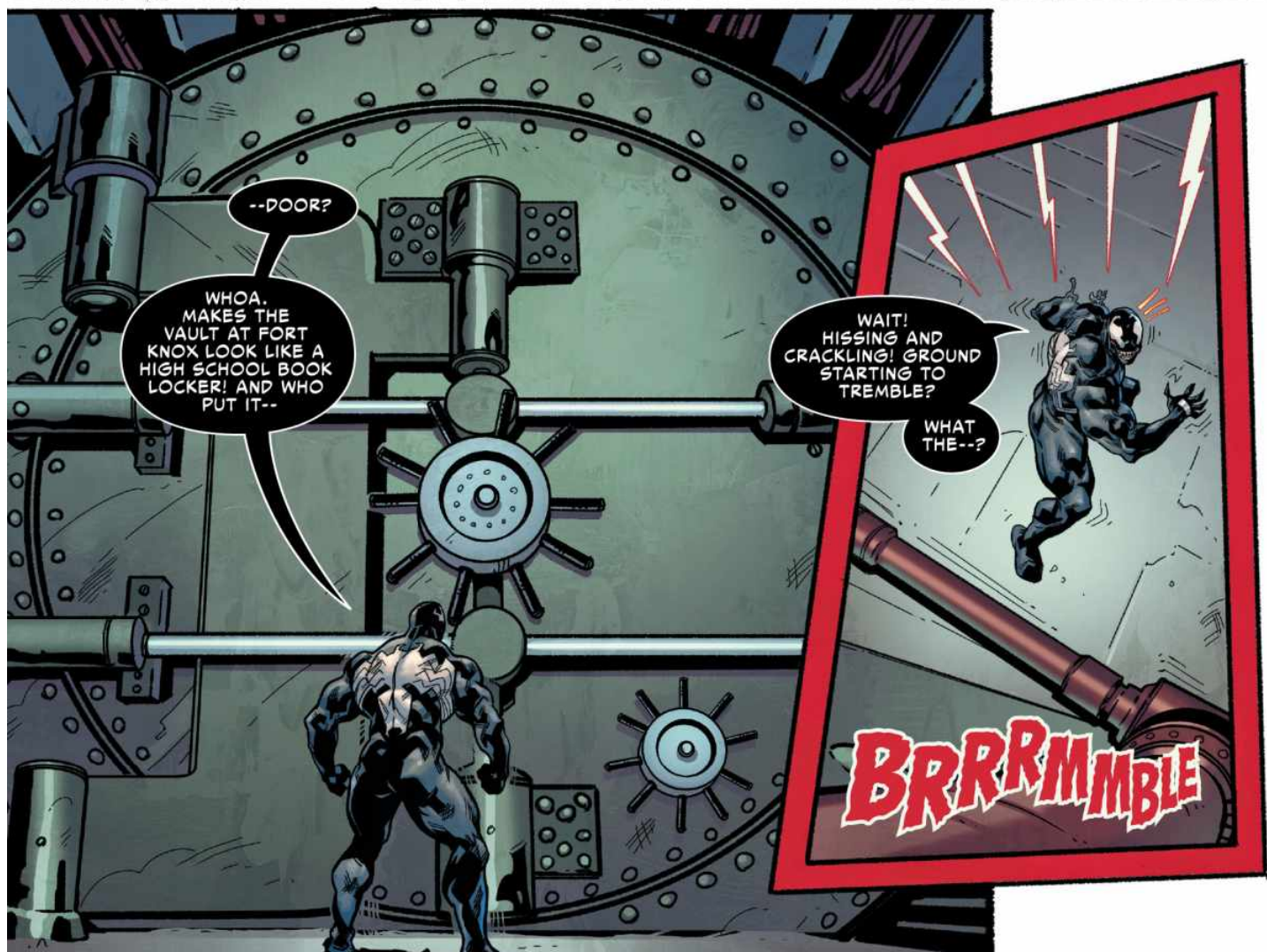


I KNOW--
WE'LL FIND NO
SANCTUARY *HERE*.
BUT I WAS AN
INVESTIGATIVE
REPORTER BEFORE
WE JOINED AS
VENOM.

CAN'T
HELP BEING
CURIOUS.

THE WEAPONS
THOSE WATCHERS HAD
WEREN'T SOMETHING YOU
CAN JUST PICK UP AT
GUNS-R-US.

AND WHAT
DID THEY
MEAN ABOUT
A--



--DOOR?

WHOA.
MAKES THE
VAULT AT FORT
KNOX LOOK LIKE A
HIGH SCHOOL BOOK
LOCKER! AND WHO
PUT IT--

WAIT!
HISSING AND
CRACKLING! GROUND
STARTING TO
TREMBLE?

WHAT
THE--?

BRRRRMMBLE





AAGGH!
T-TITANIUM DARTS,
CUTTING THROUGH
KEVLAR LIKE IT WAS
POLYESTER!

CAN'T GET
A CLEAR SHOT
THROUGH THESE
FRIGGIN' BARS!

MCCLOSKEY!
FLANK LEFT!

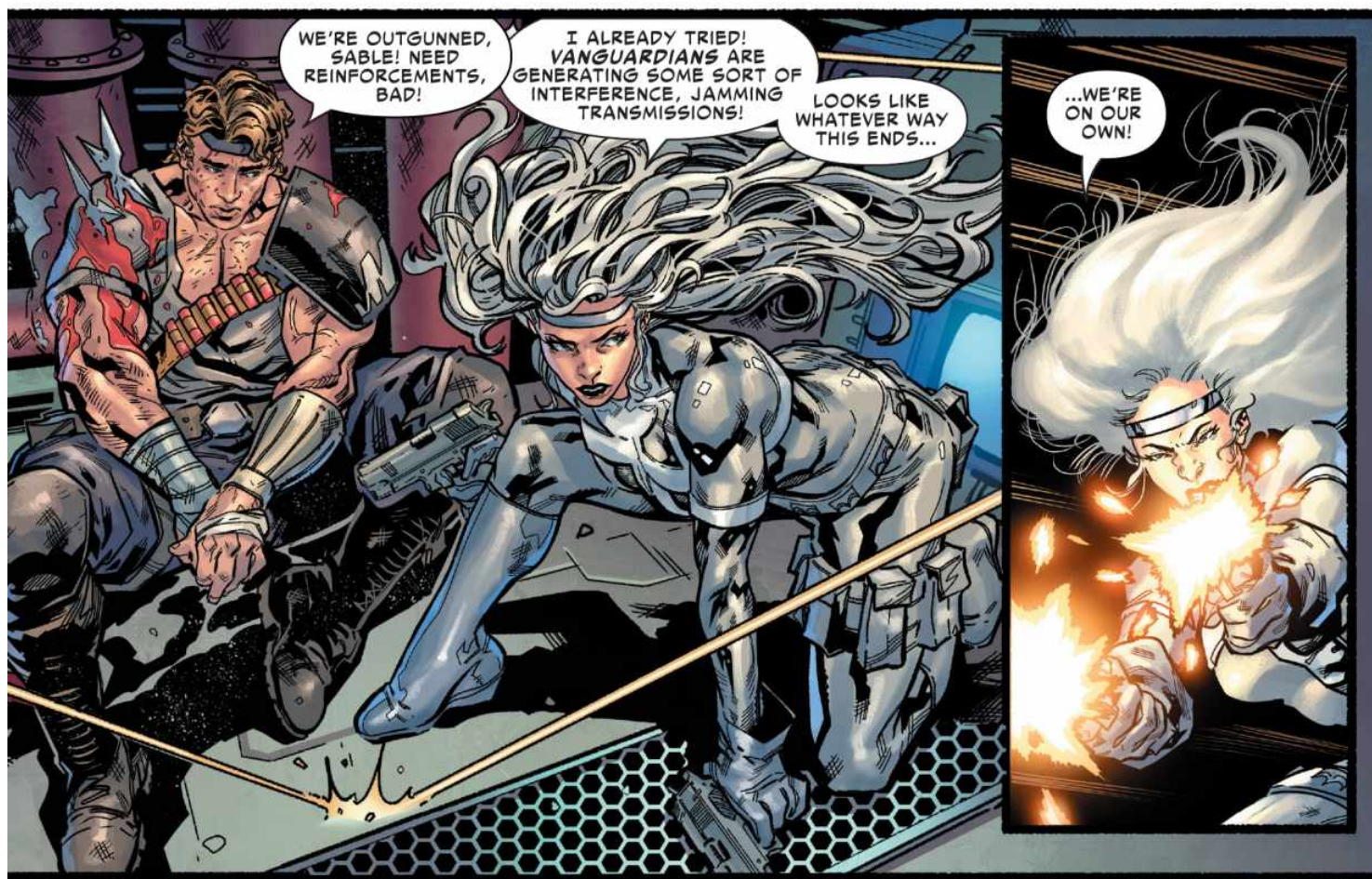
EICHMANN!
GET THAT
SAFE OPEN!

MUST
BE MADE OF
ADAMANTIUM,
AGENT-MAJOR!
PLASMA TORCH'S NOT
EVEN MAKIN'

KRA-ZING!



THEN
BLAST IT OUT
OF THE FLOOR!
WE'LL TAKE IT
WITH US!



WE'RE OUTGUNNED,
SABLE! NEED
REINFORCEMENTS,
BAD!

I ALREADY TRIED!
VANGUARDIANS ARE
GENERATING SOME SORT OF
INTERFERENCE, JAMMING
TRANSMISSIONS!

LOOKS LIKE
WHATEVER WAY
THIS ENDS...

...WE'RE
ON OUR
OWN!



TRUE--
THEY ARE UNDER
THREAT. BUT I
RECOGNIZE THE
WOMAN--SILVER
SABLE.

SHE'S
HEADSTRONG,
DANGEROUS,
LEADS A PACK OF
MERCENARIES.
SHE IS NOT
INNOCENT.

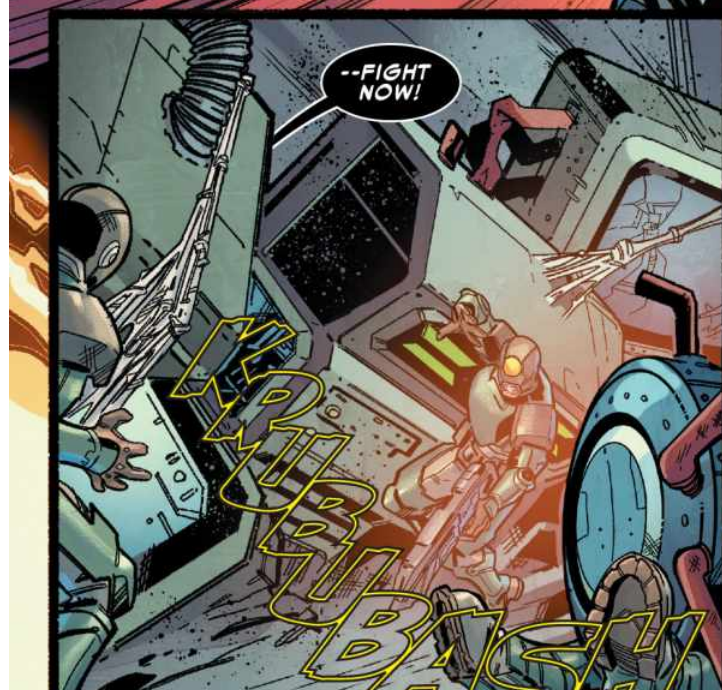


SHE
REQUIRES NO
PROTECTIO--



NO!
D-D-DON'T!
PLEASE--!

THAT
VOICE! I
KNOW IT!
PABLO...?







THEY'RE
RESHAPING THE
DEBRIS TO BLOCK
THEIR ESCAPE!

LAY
INTO THEM
BEFORE THEY
FINISH THAT
SHIELD!

JAMMING
FIELD'S OFF,
MA'AM! MEDICS
EN ROUTE!

AND IT SEEMS THOSE
VANGUARD TROOPS HAD
SOME SORT OF CLOAKED
VEHICLE HOVERING ABOVE--
THEY'RE GETTING
AWAY CLEAN.

THERE'S MORE
TO THIS THAN
PROTECTING SOME
"ARCHAEOLOGICAL
RELIC." WE WERE
PLAYED.

AND
SOMEONE'S
GOING TO
ANSWER
FOR
THAT!



YOU!
WE
NEED TO
TALK!

NO, YOU
NEED TO
TALK.



WE
NEED TO
LEAVE!



THAT'S THE
LAST OF THE
STRAGGLERS.

COLONEL
FURY ON THE
HORN, MA'AM. WANTS
A SITREP ON THE
"PACKAGE."

I THOUGHT
I MADE IT CLEAR
HOW **DANGEROUS**
THAT ARTIFACT
WAS, SABLE!

I NEED
IMMEDIATE
CONFIRMATION
THAT IT'S
SECURE!

AND I NEED **YOUR**
EXPLANATION AS TO
WHY TWO OF MY MEN
NEED MEDIVAC TO
INTENSIVE CARE
UNITS!

AND WHY **ONE**
WON'T BE GOING
ANYWHERE
AGAIN!

YOU'D SHOW THAT MUCH
RESPECT FOR YOUR OWN
FALLEN SOLDIERS, AND
YOU **KNOW** IT!

IF YOU WERE ONE
OF MY SOLDIERS, MS.
SABLINOVA, THAT
COMMENT WOULD
EARN YOU LATRINE
DUTY FOR A
MONTH!

YOU
HAVE NO
IDEA WHAT I
WOULD DO IF
THE STAKES
WERE HIGH
ENOUGH!
BUT...

...PERHAPS YOU
DO DESERVE TO
UNDERSTAND THE
SEVERITY OF THIS
SITUATION.

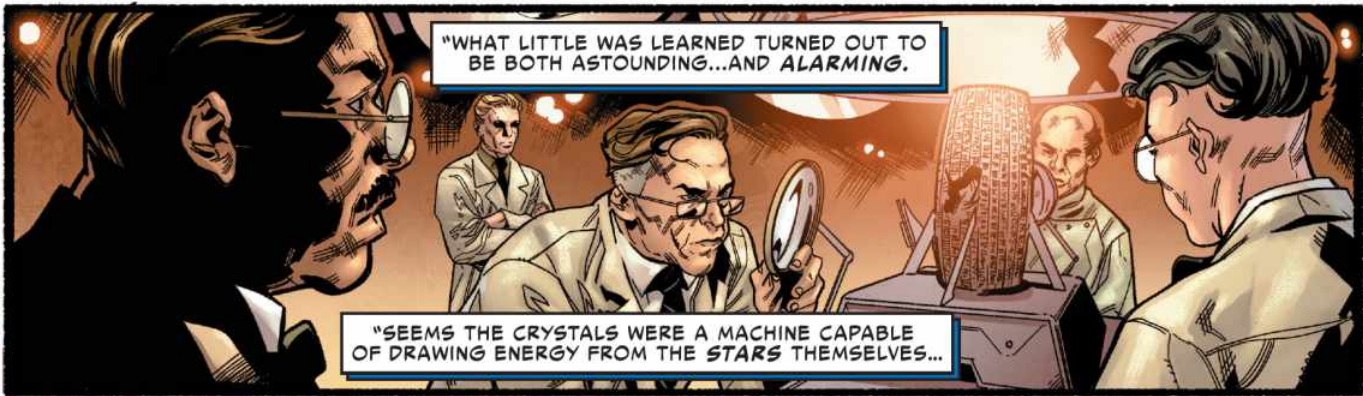


"THE BUNKER YOU'RE IN WAS BUILT IN THE LATE '40s AS A RESEARCH HUB FOR MAJESTIC-12, THE TOP-SECRET THINK TANK TASKED WITH REVERSE ENGINEERING ALIEN TECHNOLOGY.



"ONE OF THEIR PRIZE FINDS WAS AN ARTIFACT MADE OF SOME UNKNOWN CRYSTAL THAT SEEMED TO, WELL, HUM.

"A TABLET WITH SYMBOLS WAS FOUND WITH THE ARTIFACT, BUT DECIPHERING IT PROVED NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE.



"WHAT LITTLE WAS LEARNED TURNED OUT TO BE BOTH ASTOUNDING...AND ALARMING.

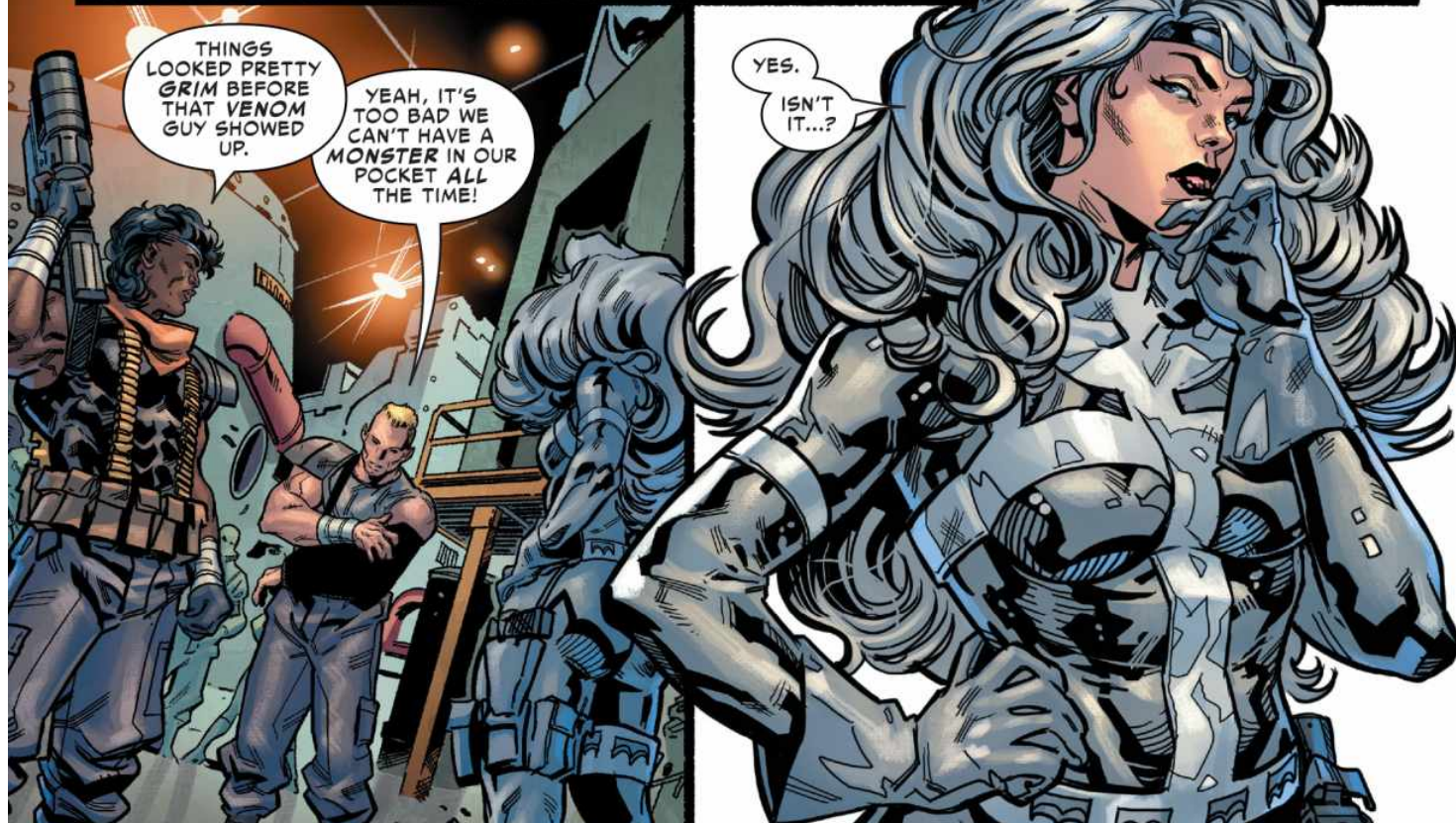
"SEEMS THE CRYSTALS WERE A MACHINE CAPABLE OF DRAWING ENERGY FROM THE STARS THEMSELVES...



"...AND FOCUSING THAT ENERGY AGAINST WHATEVER ORGANIC MATTER WAS PROGRAMMED INTO IT!

"NEED I MENTION THAT HUMANS ARE ORGANIC MATTER?!

"WHEN M-12 WAS RELOCATED TO AREA 51, THE ARTIFACT WAS LEFT HERE, UNDER GUARD IN THAT FORTIFIED BUNKER, UNTIL THE BIG BRAINS COULD FIGURE HOW TO CONTROL IT."



OUTSIDE, THE
BLIZZARD ABATES.

THOUGH OTHER
STORMS YET RAGE.

WHY,
PABLO?

WHY?

WE GAVE YOU
A SECOND CHANCE
TO MAKE YOUR
LIFE COUNT!*

WHAT
HAPPENED
TO THAT
PABLO?

HE
GREW
UP.

*IN WEB OF
SPIDER-MAN
ANNUAL #8.

"WHEN YOU KILLED THE MAN
WHO MURDERED MY UNCLE, I
THOUGHT THERE MIGHT BE
SOME JUSTICE IN THE WORLD.

"THE NUNS AT
THE ORPHANAGE
HELPED ME GET
MY G.E.D.--

"--AND I EVEN THOUGHT
ABOUT COLLEGE, TO
HELP UNCLE ERNIE'S DREAM
OF MAKING THE WORLD A
BETTER PLACE COME TRUE.

"BUT
MONEY
CHANGED
HANDS
IN HIGH
PLACES.

"NUNS LOST
THEIR LEASE
SO NEW YORK
COULD HAVE
ANOTHER
LUXURY
HIGH-RISE.

"AND I WOUND UP ON
THE STREET, TAKING
HANDOUTS WHEN I
COULD FIND THEM.

"TAKING OTHER
THINGS WHEN
I COULDN'T.

"SO I WAS AN EASY MARK WHEN A VANGUARD REP RECRUITED ME. THEIR SLOGAN WAS 'SAVING THE FUTURE,' AND THAT SOUNDED PRETTY GOOD.

"ESPECIALLY IF IT MEANT GETTING PAID!



"FOR A WHILE, I WAS PART OF SOMETHING, AND WEARING A UNIFORM WAS KIND OF COOL.

"BUT THEN, THE PARAMILITARY TRAINING STARTED. I WAS SCARED, BUT BY THEN, I WAS IN TOO DEEP.



"THAT FIGHT AT THE BUNKER WAS THE LAST STRAW. I TRIED TO RUN, BUT IF YOU HADN'T SHOWN UP--"



HEY! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! YOU'VE GOT SUPER-POWERS AND ALL, RIGHT? MAYBE I COULD BE YOUR *SIDEKICK*!

WHAT, "KID VENOM"? THAT'S A JOKE, RIGHT?



NO, SERIOUSLY! YOU'VE BEEN ALL OVER THE *DAILY BUGLE*-- PEOPLE MIGHT START RECOGNIZING YOU! BUT I COULD DO THINGS YOU CAN'T!

LIKE BUY STUFF FOR YOU SO STOREKEEPERS WON'T PRESS ALARM BUTTONS! ALL SORTS OF--



GO HOME, PABLO. *THIRD* CHANCES ARE RARE--DON'T BLOW THIS ONE.

BESIDES, WE'RE VENOM.



AND WE ARE ALL WE NEED!





MORNING. MANHATTAN
SPARKLES BENEATH
A FRESH BED OF
STILL-PURE SNOW.

THOUGH
ALL BEDS--

OH, MY
ACHING
BACK!

--AREN'T QUITE
SO WELCOMING!

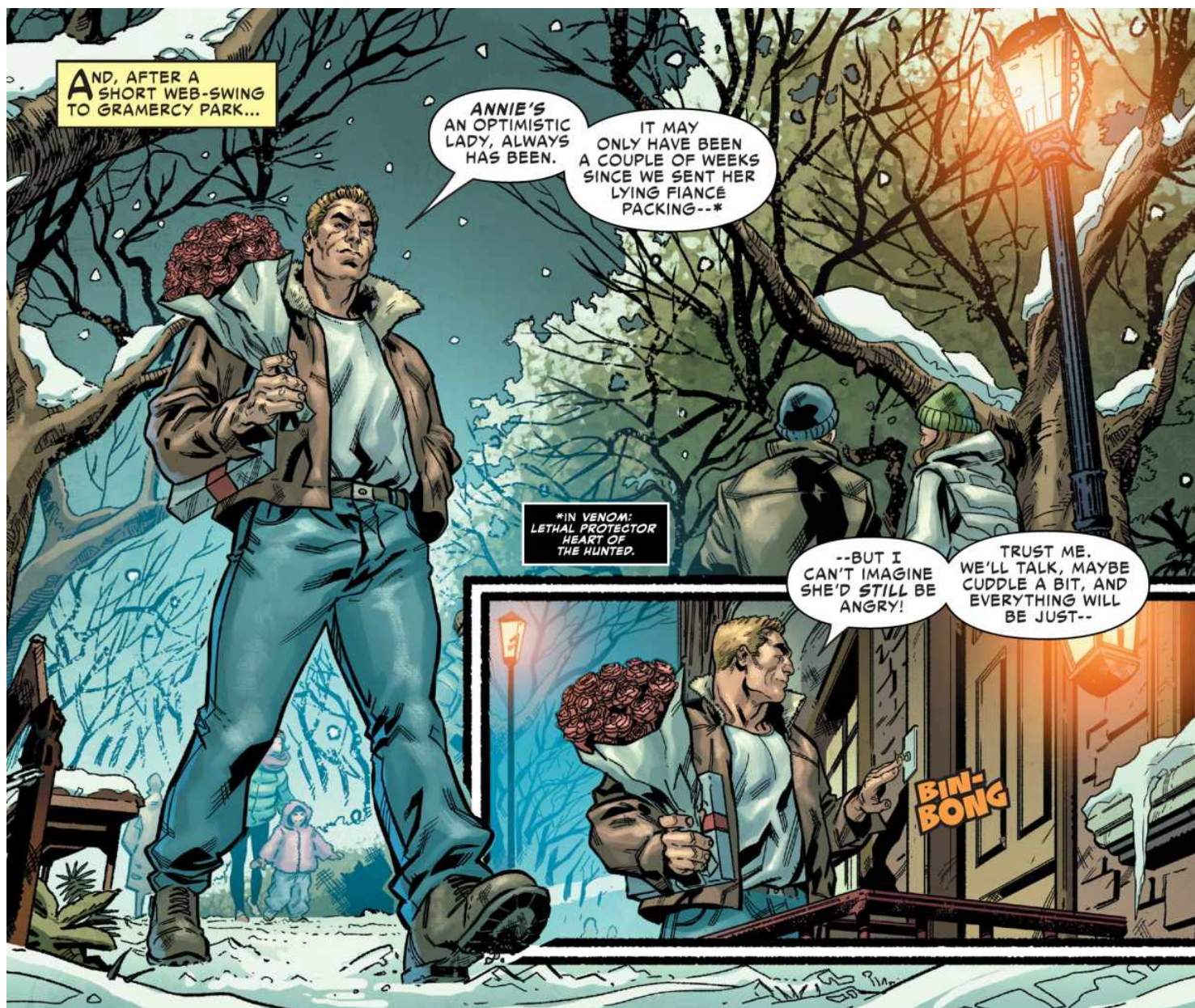
WONDER HOW
"KID VENOM" WOULD
LIKE SLEEPING ON A
MATTRESS THAT FEELS
LIKE A BAG OF
BRICKS! HA!

PABLO'S A
GOOD KID THOUGH.
AND EVEN UNDER
THE CIRCUMSTANCES,
IT WAS KINDA NICE
HAVING SOMEONE
TO TALK TO.

OH, DON'T
GET PRISSY!
I MEANT
TALKING TO
SOMEONE
ELSE!

A
LITTLE VARIETY
IS NICE EVERY
ONCE IN A WHILE.
LIKE MAYBE
EVEN...

...NOW?



AND, AFTER A SHORT WEB-SWING TO GRAMERCY PARK...

ANNIE'S AN OPTIMISTIC LADY, ALWAYS HAS BEEN.

IT MAY ONLY HAVE BEEN A COUPLE OF WEEKS SINCE WE SENT HER LYING FIANCE PACKING--*

*IN VENOM: LETHAL PROTECTOR HEART OF THE HUNTED.

--BUT I CAN'T IMAGINE SHE'D STILL BE ANGRY!

TRUST ME. WE'LL TALK, MAYBE CUDDLE A BIT, AND EVERYTHING WILL BE JUST--

BIN-BONG



--FINE?

YES? MAY I HELP YOU?



--BOYFRIEND?!



I DON'T BELIEVE IT! JUST TWO WEEKS AND ANNIE'S ALREADY FOUND A NEW--



LONG ISLAND, KELNER
SCIENTIFIC INNOVATIONS.
WHERE A NEW
WORKDAY STARTS--

--WITH A
BANG!

BABASH

IS...IS
THAT...WHO
I THINK
IT IS?

BIDIP

Protected file,
password requi--
Correction: Bypass
Successful.
File 922v,
Edward Brock
medical data,
accessed.

BIDIP

**DOWNLOAD
COMPLETE**

100%

AM I
DREAMIN'? OR
IS THAT GUY
ACTUALLY...
FLYING!









EXIT

OH NO! AN
ACTIVE SUBWAY
PLATFORM?

CIVILIANS!

PAK

PAK

PAK

TROOPER'S
FIREPOWER
COMES FROM
THOSE WRIST-
BANDS!

AND SINCE
THIS WORKED
BEFORE--

PLIPSH
PULIPSH

SORRY,
GRUESOME! MY
ARMORY PACK HAS
A LOT OF VARIETY--
INCLUDING
ACID!

PHSHHHISS

OVERSPLASH
EATING
AWAY THE
PLATFORM!
MAN
FALLING!

AND
THERE'S
A TRAIN
COMING!

TAKIN' A
BREAK SO
SOON?
WIMP!

DID YOU
REALLY THINK MY
MISSION BRIEFING
WOULD SKIP YOUR
VULNERABILITY
TO--

--FIRE?





--SQUEEZED!

KABAMM

NOT BAD,
HUH, PARTNER?
WHAT NOW? LITTLE
CELEBRATION,
COUPLA
BREWSKIES?



NOW,
PABLO--



--YOU
GET THE
HELL OUT
OF HERE!

B-BUT I
JUST SAVED
THAT CITIZEN
FROM BEING
SLAMMED
INTO JELLY!

BUT AT WHAT COST?
THOSE ACID BURNS WILL
LEAVE PERMANENT
SCARS!

AND IT
COULD HAVE
BEEN YOU
SPLATTERED
ALL OVER THE
TRACKS!

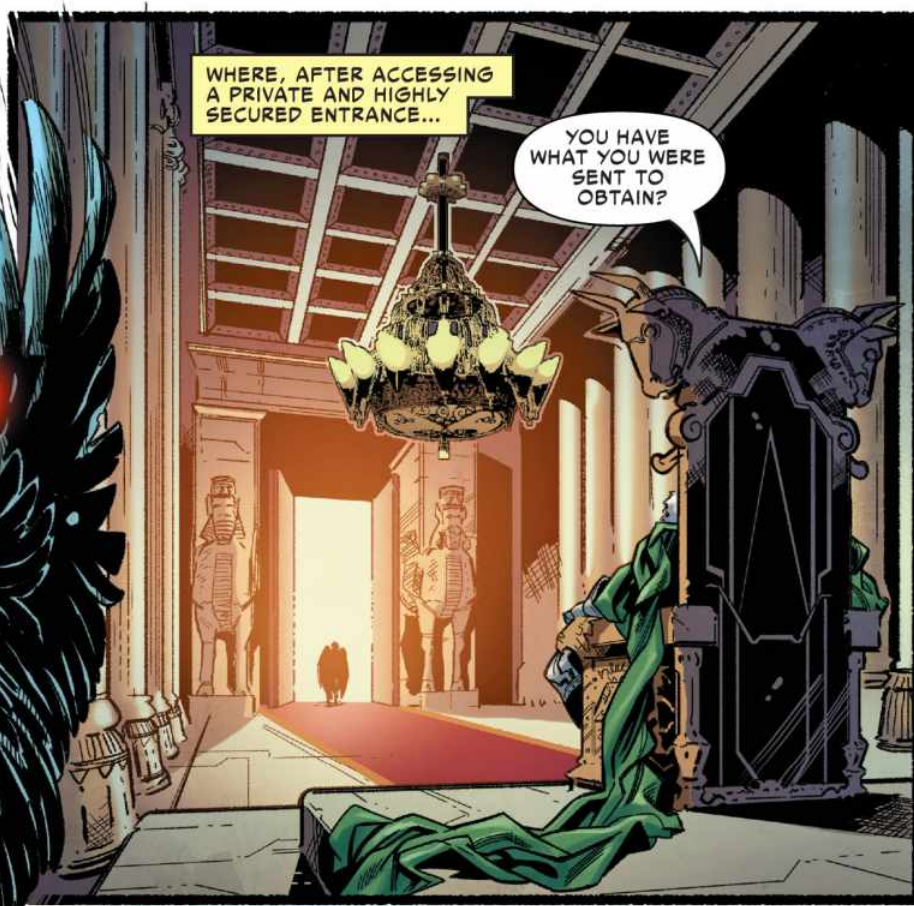
NO, PABLO,
GO! AND STAY
GONE! WE DON'T
NEED YOU!

AND...
WE DON'T
WANT YOU!





NIGHT RETURNS TO MANHATTAN, SHADOWING THE ARRIVAL OF A WIDE-WINGED FIGURE ON THE ROOF OF AN IMPOSING MODERN STRUCTURE.



WHERE, AFTER ACCESSING A PRIVATE AND HIGHLY SECURED ENTRANCE...

YOU HAVE WHAT YOU WERE SENT TO OBTAIN?



OF COURSE.

WHEN THE VULTURE MAKES A BARGAIN, HE KEEPS IT!



YOU HAVE
PROVEN USEFUL,
VULTURE. I SUGGEST
YOU CONTINUE
TO DO SO--



--IF YOU
WISH TO
CONTINUE
AT ALL!



WHILE SEVERAL
MOONLIT
BLOCKS TO
THE NORTH...

HATED
TREATING PABLO
LIKE THAT. HE
MEANT WELL--

--BUT GOOD
INTENTIONS DON'T
ALWAYS EQUAL
SURVIVAL.



WE NEED A
DISTRACTION.

WHAT?
FIND PETER
PARKER?

MMM...
SPIDER-
BLOOD!



OH, COME
ON! FIRST, WE'RE
SADDLED WITH A
SIDEKICK--

--AND NOW
SOMEONE'S
FLASHING A
"VENOM
SIGNAL"?!



SO
BE IT!
RIGHT NOW,
WE WOULD
RELISH THE
SOUND OF
BREAKING
BONES AND
SCREAMS
FOR
MERCY!

SILVER
SABLE? BUT
WHY--?

YOU'RE
NOT EXACTLY
LISTED IN THE YELLOW
PAGES, MR. BROCK.
AND I NEEDED TO
CONTACT YOU.

EVEN
IF IT MEANS
WALKING INTO
A TRAP!

SORRY TO
DISAPPOINT,
BUT THERE'S
NO TRAP!



AGAIN...
WHY?

QUITE SIMPLY,
I HAVE A
PROPOSITION TO
MAKE. A *BUSINESS*
PROPOSITION.
I'D LIKE TO
ADD YOU--



--TO THE PAYROLL
OF SILVER SABLE
INTERNATIONAL!

To be continued...



Next

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C.B. CEBULSKI
EDITOR IN CHIEF

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#2



